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THE SONG  
OF THE  
“A. B. C’s.”

—❧—  
*Affectionately dedicated to the*

**Pioneer Members**

BY THE  
“CLUB LAUREATE.”

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1890.

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# SONG of the "A. B. C's."

Air :—"Ten thousand miles away!"

1. 'Tis true, as a crew, we are somewhat new,  
And we sail on a saltless sea ;  
We wear gaudy coats, but we cut no throats  
Nor are given to *piracee*,  
But by gentle arts we assail the hearts  
Of the maids when ashore we go - o - o.  
So beware, have a care,  
Our *Merrett* is rare -  
And we live but to love and to woo !

(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

2. If one thing be where we did'nt agree  
'Twas the flag of the *Committee*,  
'Twas white and black, for the Union Jack,  
With a leaf from the old oak-tree ;  
But an army of two, stood for gold and blue  
And would'nt be budged from their cour - or - orse,  
So when the club for fun  
Would adopt neither one,-  
Why, some of us *Burn*-ed with re-*Morse* !

(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

3. But the strife is o'er and we turn once more  
To the merry camp-fire's glow,  
Were no *Bale* - d breath for fear of *Coste*  
Shall make the fun go slow ;  
We will sing to the lips of our " nippy-tips "  
(Though we all can't sing in too - oo - oon!)  
And in mellow-rye,  
If not melodye,  
Hoop it up to the smiling *Moon*.  
(Chorus). Then roll Deschênes, &c.
4. Its a motley scroll, our muster roll,  
Though we're happily free from cranks,  
There's part of our mess from the old "C S."  
And many a chap from the banks ;  
There's a man from the Mills who gives Cupid chills,  
For he counts his hearts in ga-lore - ore ! ore !  
But pray don't conceive  
That it's *Austin* or *Neeve*,  
Or the man from Singapore.  
(Chorus). Then roll Deschênes, &c.
5. Don't let us forget in taking a wet  
Our *Commodore* bold and gay !  
On whose saucy bark full many a lark  
Hath driven dull care away.  
She's a very good yacht, though she rolls like a sot  
In the trough of the troubled sea - ee - ee ;  
But *Boatswain Smith*  
Probes the thing to its pith  
When he blames it to *Barrett-ry* !  
(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

6. Now it's a crying shame, that ev'ry-body's name  
Won't work into reason or rhyme!  
There's a lot of us here, who in print don't appear  
Who are high old boys on a time!  
Such as *Hubbell* and *Dick*, (whom the girls vote a brick!)  
And *Hanning* whose plans ne'er slip – ip – ip;  
There is *Lister* and *Jack*  
Who can paddle a whack!  
And the *Teller* who's fond of his “nip!”  
(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

7. Now we'll close our song, for its waxing long,  
And our *Admiral's* throat is dry;  
He's a jolly old chap, just awaked from a nap,  
With his face all turned a – (w) rye!  
So fill your glasses, and drink to the lasses.  
For each has his guiding star – ar – ar :  
Let our voices ring clear  
In an “A. B. C. ” cheer:  
Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

(CHORUS.)

Then roll Deschênes, heigh – ho!  
Upon thy wave we'll go;  
With paddle and sail  
We'll brave the gale  
And take the girls in tow – o – o.  
No colour is worn, I ween,  
Like the salmon and the green;  
Then fling it to the breeze  
For the “A. B. C's”  
Never quail at wrath marine!











